

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXIV.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847.

NUMBER 3.

THE SEAMSTRESS.



EGERT. Del.

In the course of our labors as a caterer for information for the million, we have often spoken of the hardships, and lamented over the sufferings, which are but too certainly entailed upon that unfortunate class of female laborers, who from false pride or family prejudices, prefer factory labor or the still more precarious and worse remunerated toil of the needle, to engaging in the more healthful and better paid occupation of domestic service. And whilst we have ever had for our object the raising of this unfortunate class of females in the scale of society, we have ever disdained to minister to their prejudices or to pander to their ignorance, by persuading them that by any other means than that of lessening the competition for employment, can they ever hope to compel the employers to pay them remunerating prices for their labor. We have frequently shown, by the most undeniable arguments and the irrefragability of figures, that whilst the seamstress and the tailoress pine away their youth in some bleak garret or neglected rear

shanty, on a paltry pittance of food and clothing, the German and Irish girls who arrive in this country are comfortably lodged in the large hotels or private residences of our gentry, well fed and enabled to save money to send to their relatives at home. Unfortunately for us, there are no correct statistical data kept in New-York to enable us to show the ravages which disease and death make in the ranks of those who prefer singing the song of the shirt to household service, or a comparison with the "domestic drudge;" yet from a report which has recently been made by the secretary of the state of Massachusetts, of the average deaths of females, we may gather something by which a slight opinion may be formed of the effects of female labor over the duration of life.

The report in question gives the following results of female life in Massachusetts. Ladies, 70; Seamstresses, 39; Dressmakers, 29; Milliners 44; Tailoresses, 38. And this report, be it observed, excludes from its calculations all the females who

die before they arrive at 20, because, in Mass. it is believed "that prior to that age female employment has but little influence on the duration of female life!" We think differently but have not space in this brief article for our reasons. We hope, however, that our female readers will ponder on this and ask themselves why ladies should live to 70 and dressmakers be sent to that bourne from whence no traveller returns ere they are 30, even in the state of Massachusetts? Is it because ladies are better fed and clothed, have more exercise in the open air, and are not compelled to pore their hearts' blood out in making shirts at 50 cents, each, or umbrellas at 5 cents? If this is the cause, then we should think that the employment which the real *gentlewoman* considers to be her lot and portion, that of ministering to the domestic hearth, must be that which would—if preferred—give the greatest amount of health and comfort to the "young lady" who is doomed to earn her bread by the sweat of her brow!—*Sun. Mercury.*

TALES.

The Mysterious Stranger.

A TALE OF PASSION, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

[Continued.]

Thus were the means of gratifying a very laudable and natural curiosity snatched from me, just as chance had thrown it in my way. I however consoled myself with the idea, that if I had made any discovery to the prejudice of this mysterious wife, I should have found myself in a most painful predicament; for if I concealed the circumstance from my noble friend, I should have been guilty of breach of faith; and if I revealed it I should have destroyed his happiness. Still my restless curiosity remained unsatisfied, and on the watch; nor could Lady D——'s continued hints of meaning to confide in me, impose on or satisfy me any longer; because, in the first place, I was sure she had something on her mind which she dared not disclose; and in the next, I no longer wished to know what I could not, yet ought to disclose to her lord.

Not long after we had taken up our residence at Nice, we one day found Lady D—— in a situation which alarmed us all exceedingly. One of the servants on entering the room found her lying on the floor in a swoon, and covered with blood. Her shrieks summoned me, and on raising her I found that the blood proceeded from her mouth, and was evidently occasioned by her having broken a blood vessel; while her distorted features wore the marks of excessive agitation. On the table by her lay an old English newspaper, in which some articles from England, which had lately come over, had been wrapped up. This paper Lady D—— seemed to have crushed together with a sort of convulsive grasp; but whether from intention, or not I could not decide. When she recovered her senses, her perceptions did not at first return; but as soon as consciousness was entirely restored, the expression of despair and woe was imprinted on her countenance. I observed her eye turn with quickness and apprehension on the newspaper, which she suddenly seized, smoothed, doubled, and put in her pocket; and I regretted my folly in not making myself master of it, as I had already suspected it was the probable cause of her illness. The loss of blood had been so great, and I thought the bleeding so likely to come on again, that I insisted on her not speaking, but allowing herself to be conveyed slowly and carefully to bed on my arms and that of her attendants; while I congratulated myself that my poor friend was absent, and could not return till she was in bed, and the horrible evidences of her malady removed; for never did man more fondly dote on woman than he on her; and, but for her occasional violence, her want in my eyes of feminine qualities, and the mystery that enveloped her, I could then have said that never was woman more worthy to be doted upon; for she was generous, affectionate, pure minded, and, as I always believed, irreproachably chaste in every point of view; and I could not but fancy that one single error had involved her in the necessity of pursuing a train of deception, which her lofty soul despised itself for having had recourse to. When she was in bed, and I was going to leave her to her servants, she laid her languid hand on my arm; and as she

saw by my manner that I thought her case an alarming one, she breathed out, even with an expression of delight in her eyes, "Do you think I shall die, Mr. Moreton?"

"I hope, I trust not, dear madam, for my poor friend's sake," I replied in a voice hoarse with emotion.

"But not for *my own*. I thank you; it is kind," she answered, "for I have indeed lived long enough;" then waving her hand for me to depart, she saved me the pain and the difficulty of replying.

Lord D——'s fortitude entirely forsook him, as I expected it would do when he heard what had happened, and I thought it my duty to prepare him for the worst; not that I concluded she was in any immediate danger, but the transparency of her complexion, and other circumstances, had led me to believe that breaking a blood-vessel must be to her an accident of a very serious nature; and as I had no doubt but that emotion had occasioned this first rupture; emotion to which she was only too subject, would be very likely to bring on the bleeding again. But she recovered from the effects of this accident much sooner, and much more thoroughly than I expected; for there was now to my observant eyes, a degree of quiet sorrow, of settled despair, unlike her former restlessness, which was favorable to her complaint. Still, strange to say, my deceived friend saw nothing of this, but attributed the touching languor of her voice, manner and countenance, to disease alone, and those recollected sorrows which she had always told him she should retain the marks and the remembrance of even in the bosom of happiness. But as soon as she was seized with these dangerous symptoms, I thought it proper that her own maid should always sleep in her apartment; and when she was recovered, she insisted that this arrangement should remain unchanged.

Some months had now elapsed, and, reclining chiefly on a sofa, Lady D—— was as able as ever to listen to us, while we read, or even to converse nearly as well as usual, when we were informed of the arrival of a Scotch family at Nice, and Lord D—— was invited to meet them at the house of a gentleman whom he knew; and as he was sure I would remain with Lady D——, he did not scruple to say he would accept the invitation.

I observed Lady D——'s countenance change when her lord said he was going to meet a Scotch family. However, she remained silent, and his lordship departed. During the rest of the day she was frequently very absent and uneasy, and when we heard my friend's voice on the stairs she became agitated. He entered, evidently in high spirits, and as if pleased with his visit. "My dearest Rosabel," said he kissing her cold hand, "I have passed as pleasant a day as I can pass absent from you, and would you believe it? with——" Here Lady D—— interrupting him, begged he would remove the candles to another part of the room, as the light hurt her eyes; then throwing a veil over her face, she allowed him to resume the thread of his discourse. "Yes Rosabel, would you believe it? I have actually been in company with a Macdonald—a Colonel Macdonald of Dunkeld—and perhaps a relation of yours by marriage. I told him across the table, I had had the honor to marry a Macdonald; and hoped we were relations. He bowed, and said he hoped so too, but that Macdo-

nald was so common a name he dared not flatter himself it was so. Was I right Rosabel? Were the Macdonalds of Dunkeld relations of your husband?"

"No, no," answered Lady D—— with such effort that I feared that she was going to be ill.

"However," continued my friend, "whether your relation or not, he is a very pleasing man, and the more interesting from his having lost his wife, a very beautiful woman, and under strong suspicion, I believe, of her having committed suicide."

"Well!" exclaimed Lady D——, in a most uncommon tone of voice, and starting from her recumbent posture—"Well, and does this interesting widower affect great regret for her loss, that your kind heart was so touched in his favor?"

"Yes, it is a blow, I find he has never recovered. So his sister says, a very interesting woman, who has lived with him ever since his misfortune, and whose society is his only consolation."

"His sister! are you *sure* she is his sister?"

"There can be no doubt of it; for he is a man of honor, and he has introduced her as such."

"O my dear lord, you think every man as honorable as you are, you are

*'Polite, as all your life in courts had been,
Yet good, as tho' the world you'd never seen.'*

And while her lord gallantly and affectionately thanked her for this compliment to his virtues and his manners, she rose from her seat, and with more animation and power than I had lately seen in her, walked across the room with her accustomed dignity, leaning on Lord D——'s arm, while her eyes beamed with a sort of unnatural brightness, and her cheek was flushed also with unnatural beauty.

"My dear lady," said I, "I fear you had better sit down again." And before she could reply to me her countenance changed, she burst into a violent flood of tears, and was glad to be conveyed to her bed as fast as possible. A day or two after Lord D——, seeing she was quite recovered, told her that he would now own he had promised to meet the Macdonalds again at his friend's house; Mrs. Douglass, the sister of Macdonald, having promised to tell them after dinner, when her brother had an engagement abroad, the whole of his melancholy story; "a story," added Lord D——, "which I am very anxious to hear; for it is I understand, very romantic and strange, and very affecting; and indeed the uncommonly fine person and manners of Colonel Macdonald make him very fit for a *heros de roman*."

"Not more," she angrily replied, "than *you* are *my lord*; for it seems you substitute sentiment for *sensibility*, and had rather listen to a whining and perhaps false tale of romantic distress, than stay by the sick couch of a suffering wife."

Lord D—— on hearing this looked like one bereft of reason, while a "Gracious Heaven! what injustice; I could not have believed it," burst from my lips. Lady D—— saw she had gone too far; and with tears in her eyes she besought her lord, in whose bosom tenderness was struggling with very just resentment, to forgive her ungrateful petulance, and to attribute it to the peevish exacting temper created by disease, heightened a little in this case by the suggestions of jealousy.

"Of Jealousy?" we both exclaimed, he with surprise I with incredulity.

"Yes," she replied, blushing, and casting her

eyes down to avoid my searching glance—"Yes—jealousy—for is there not a Mrs. Douglas, a very interesting sister?" And while Lord D—, deceived and flattered by this avowal of a feeling which she could not have, hung over her with assurances that there could be to him only one woman in the world, I darted on her a look of indignation, which must have convinced her I saw through the artifice, and despised it. Certain it is, she either dared not, or would not oppose Lord D—'s keeping his engagement, and he left us at the appointed time.

O! could the young, the innocent, and the unwary have beheld as I did, the agonies which this dear unhappy woman underwent during the absence of her lord, this child and victim of passion and of wrong principles of action, how forcibly would they have been deterred, by this awful, fearful example from giving way to the influence of passion in any respect! and how completely would they have felt every inclination to blame swallowed up in pity for the sufferings they witnessed!

Several times during the course of the evening she asked me what o'clock it was. "What! is it no later?" she exclaimed. And when, in answer to her question, I told her the hour at a later period, she wildly exclaimed, "don't tell me so, do not tell me the hour of his return is so near!" And though she said nothing, I saw in her at times the almost breathless agonies of suspense, and the mental struggles of justly-founded apprehension.—It was very clear that she did not put much restraint upon herself, because she knew that I suspected all was not right; and also perhaps because she knew the moment of discovery was probably at hand; and also because she was tired of playing a part so foreign to her nature. At length we heard Lord D—'s carriage.

"There he is!" cried the half frantic Rosabel—"but perhaps he will not come hither—not come to see me now!" And as she said this, I hastened to meet him. I found him not quite well, and intending to take the warm bath before he came into his wife's apartment, lest his fatigued look should alarm her. But he inquired most tenderly concerning her, and desired me to say he would come to her as soon as he could; and with this message I returned to her.

"Then you are sure he meant to come, and means to come?" she asked me with an agitated look.

"Most surely; and he inquired after you most tenderly."

"All's well then," muttered she; "but I—I had rather not see my lord till to-morrow, for I am much exhausted, and wish to retire to rest." Accordingly she rung for her attendants, and I saw no more of her, neither did Lord D—, that night. The next morning Lady D— sent us word that she was too unwell to be disturbed, and should try to sleep as long as she could; and we were not summoned to her dressing-room till evening, and then almost all the light had been excluded on pretence of indisposition.

"How are you this evening?" said Lord D—, seating himself beside the couch.

"Better, much better, or I would not have received you."

"But do you think yourself well enough to hear the extraordinary recital I have to give?"

"I am sure I hope so," said I, "for my lord has had the cruelty to refuse to let me hear it till your ladyship does, in order to avoid the trouble of telling it twice."

"Yes, my dear lord," answered Lady D— in a firm tone of voice, but to me indicative of the firmness of desperate resolution. "Yes, I am able and willing to hear all you have to tell me, and Mr. Moreton shall not be disappointed. But I will lie down completely, that, if the narrative should be affecting, I may be the better able to endure it."

"It was indeed affecting to me," observed Lord D—. "The commencement of it, indeed, I did not hear; for I was called out to speak to my man as Mrs. Douglas was beginning to relate her brother's falling in love with a beauty, followed up no doubt by the birth, parentage, and education of the said beauty."

"Which detail you did not hear then?" asked Lady D—.

"No; but as they were immaterial, I did not require them, as I returned time enough to hear all the needful; for Mrs. Douglas had only got to Colonel Macdonald's happiness, and his bringing her down in triumph to his house at Dunkeld.—'Her talents,' she said, 'were equal to her beauty and her manners; but there was one drawback on her character, namely, a great contempt for the usual restraints laid on her sex, and a great violence of temper, which, when once roused, deprived her of all self-government. For some years, however, the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald knew no interruption. But a servant, who, as was afterwards discovered, had conceived a passion for her virtuous master, in a transport of double jealousy, namely, jealousy of her mistress and of another object in the neighborhood, contrived to infuse the poison of suspicion into the irritable mind of Mrs. Macdonald, who thereby became informed of circumstances which were well calculated to excite suspicion in any wife.'"

"I would thank you, Mr. Moreton," interrupted Lady D—, "to give me those drops," I obeyed, and my friend went on.

"Now," said Mrs. Douglas, with a faltering voice and blushing cheek, "I must bring myself forward, and confess that to my fond folly my poor brother owes all his subsequent misfortunes, and the loss of his beloved wife. I had won the affections of the younger son of Lord H—, and had given him mine in return; but my lover despairing of obtaining his father's consent, had prevailed on me to marry him privately and unknown to my own family as well as his. But so afraid was he of his father's displeasure, that he made me solemnly swear, whatever it cost me, never to disclose that I was a wife. The consequence of this rash promise was, that when my situation could no longer be concealed, and was disclosed to the eye of my brother, in the first transports of his rage, he upbraided me as a disgrace to my family; but the next moment he kindly promised, on pretence of taking me a journey for the recovery of my health, to place me in some abode where I was wholly unknown, and where I could lie in unsuspected and undiscovered. He did so. But when on his marriage he went to live at the family seat, where he and I were both personally unknown, he caused me and my child to remove to a house on his estate. But unhappily for him, he could not

prevail on himself to disclose the supposed frailty of his sister to his rigidly virtuous wife. Nor indeed did I wish he should. And thus did he, by violating one of the first duties of married people, never to have concealments from each other, lay the foundation of his subsequent misery." Here a deep groan from Lady D— interrupted the recital; but after a few moments she desired Lord D— to proceed.

"This unhappy girl, it has since appeared, whom I mentioned before, had watched her master to my house, and had often seen him caressing my child, and often witnessed the great agitation in his manner and in mine; for he was always entreating me to reveal the name of my seducer, as he thought him, and I as firmly persisted in denying his request. However at last, unable to bear any longer the imputation of guilt while conscious of innocence, I wrote to my husband, requesting leave to confide my marriage to my brother; and, as his father was then very nearly at the point of death, I received from him permission to disclose our real situation to my brother alone, and to remove from his heart the load on his honor which my supposed delinquency had placed on it. Meanwhile during the time that I was awaiting an answer to my letter, the wretched girl had contrived by some means or other to gain the ear of a woman highly dignified, whom no one would have suspected of listening to the tales of a menial, and she had condescended to follow the servant's example, and dodge, as it is called, her husband to my cottage. She had done this, we now found, more than once. But one unfortunate morning, a morning which I should otherwise have blest, as it allowed me leave to tell my beloved brother that I was not unworthy of him, the deluded Mrs. Macdonald, no longer mistress of her passions, approached the house, and opened the door just as I, now restored to my brother's love, was, for the first time since my supposed fall from virtue, received to his affectionate embrace. For the first time he was kissing me with the pure and repentant tenderness of a long estranged brother, and when his unhappy wife appeared we were locked in each other's arms! Dear, deceived, unhappy woman! I can well understand and feel for her agonies at that moment! But the sequel is horrible—Mrs. Macdonald had scarcely beheld a scene so terrible to the feelings of an adoring wife, when she fled with precipitation from our sight; and from that hour to this we have never entirely ascertained her fate. We found indeed, her cloak and one of her shoes on the bank of a rapid river, and feared it was only too probable that she precipitated herself into it. But though the river was repeatedly and entirely dragged, we never found the body. And as my brother could not be convinced that she had destroyed herself, he, after she had disappeared about two years, caused an advertisement to be put in all papers, which if it met her eyes she must have understood, importing that if she would return to her afflicted husband, the circumstances now so suspicious would be entirely cleared up, and he who has now considered as guilty would be found as innocent as she herself was. But as no notice was taken of this advertisement, even my brother was at last convinced that his wife was no more, and that she had really perished in the river. And ever since we have been wanderers on the face of the earth, sometimes accompanied by my

husband and my child; and sometimes leaving them at some place where the latter might pursue his education, I have travelled with my poor Ronald, from a feeling that it is right to do all to restore that happiness which I was the means of destroying. I have only to add that the servant was so shocked at the sudden disappearance of her mistress, that she fell on her knees and confessed that she it was who had rendered Mrs Macdonald jealous of my brother and his visits to the cottage, and therefore her unfortunate appearance at so fatal a moment was accounted for."

"Is not this a touching story, dearest Rosabel?" said Lord D—; "I saw by the motion of your bosom that it affected you. And—O God!" exclaimed Lord D—, "Moreton, Moreton, come hither! come hither! she is cold, she is dead!"

Nearly as much appalled as himself, I drew nigh, and found that Lady D— had fainted, and, as I suspected, not without a cause. Her insensibility was indeed so long, that I began to fear she was gone for ever; but at length she revived, and came at once to a full sense and recollection of her situation. Never did I behold a countenance so subdued as hers now was; at first, she did not attempt to speak, but her look spoke volumes of unutterable anguish. At length, however, she seized the hand of her lord, and pressed it repeatedly to her heart and to her lips. There was something of such unwonted humility in this action, that I could not but feel for the deep sensation of self-reproach which it indicated; and though it did not surprise me, it quite bewildered Lord D—, and he tried to escape from a caress, which though it flattered him seemed rather to derogate from her, by taking her in his arms and imprinting a kiss on her pale cold lips! But this tender endearment she forcibly resisted, and with great effort said, "My dear lord, let me beg of you to leave me alone with your good friend and physician here—as I wish to impart to him the symptoms and feelings of which I am conscious."

"By all means," replied Lord D—; and I was left alone with the mysterious wife.

"I believe, my dear sir," said she, "that it is unnecessary for me to inform a man of your penetration who I am; are you not already aware of it?"

"I own," replied I, "that I have my suspicions—you are the lost Mrs. Macdonald."

"You are right. I am that rash, ill-judging, guilty woman. But oh! tell me, I conjure you tell me, in what way I shall break to my much injured and unsuspecting lord the horrid truth.—Will you undertake to prepare his mind, and to break it to him to-night, preparatory to my having a complete explanation with him to-morrow?"

"Most assuredly I will."

"And now, dear sir, will you have the goodness to tell me all that Mrs. Douglas said after she had come to the part in which she described that when I appeared at the door they were locked in each other's arms? for at that moment a sickness like that of death came over me, and I hoped that I should never revive to consciousness more."

I told her all that she required.

"I thank you sir," she replied; "and now I wish to be left alone. You seem to wonder at my calmness; but be assured it proceeds only from my thorough conviction that I shall soon sleep the sleep of death, else I could not endure the consciousness of what I am."

How to answer her I knew not, for I felt that I could not wish her to live. She had, by giving way to the passion of a moment, wrecked the peace of two amiable men, the one my friend and benefactor, and I thought her death was the only reparation she could now make to either. But she softened my heart towards her the next minute by saying, "Believe me, dear sir, that though often pained and perplexed by the acuteness of your observations, I have always done you justice, and estimated as it deserved that attachment to Lord D—, which led you to be so suspicious of me, and so watchful of my looks and words. Oh! I have often regretted that before I accepted Lord D— I did not confide my sad secret to you. If I had, instead of now being the most miserable, I might still have been one of the happiest of women, and restored to that husband whom I adored with almost idolatrous passion."

Nothing more was necessary than this appeal to my self-love (so weak was my nature, and perhaps so weak is human nature in general,) to melt my heart even to woman's weakness in behalf of this afflicted being; and instead of answering her, I burst into tears.

"Kind, compassionate friend!" she replied, "though these tears are consoling to me, I beg you to control your emotion. Remember, you have a difficult task to go through, and do not incapacitate yourself to perform it with firmness. You had better leave me now, and prepare for your hard duty. But first," said she, "give me a composing draught; for I mean, if I can, to sleep tonight."

I did as she desired; and then with a very full heart I left her to herself, and went in search of my friend, who, in great agitation, was walking up and down the apartment. When I saw him I could not speak, and he concluded from my emotion that his beloved Rosabel was in imminent danger, and, with frantic vehemence, conjured me to tell him what he had to expect.

"Not what you fear, my dearest lord," replied I; "but I have much to say to you—much, that it will require all your fortitude to support."

"What mean you?" said he, turning very pale.

"Did you never," I continued, "see any thing mysterious in your adored Rosabel's history and manner? Did she never appear to you to have a weight on her mind?"

"Sometimes—"

"Did you never suspect that she had something to conceal? and some strong but secret reason for avoiding being seen, and living as she has done in almost constant seclusion?"

"Never, never; and to what does this strange preamble tend?"

In this way I endeavored to prepare his mind for what I had to communicate; but there is no preparation for great sorrows; and though I had been with Lord D— before, when he had experienced severe calamity, I had never seen him suffer the agonies which he now did; for there is scarcely a pang so great as that which is inflicted by the conviction of the worthlessness of the being whom we have set up as a faultless object to worship; while that religion, which had, on former occasions, supported Lord D— through all his trials, now made him suffer the more, from the certainty he experienced, that the woman whom he adored had sinned against every religious restraint and every moral duty.

When it was again morning, I prevailed on him to try to compose himself for the sake of his still idolized Rosabel, who had told me she should request to see him, that she might give him a full explanation of all that had passed. But the day was very far advanced before Rosabel, as I shall in future call her, was herself able to see him, though she admitted me to her bedside. However, she became more composed towards evening, and we were both summoned to her apartment. I will not attempt to describe the meeting; nor the expressions of agonized tenderness on his side, nor of unavailing penitence and regret on hers, but proceed to her narration, of which I shall, however, only give sufficient to account for much of the conduct I have described which appeared to me unaccountable.

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SCIENCE.

SAY not that scientific truths
Corrupt the mind, and prompt to impious deeds.
No! Ignorance may, and nought perchance so soon,
But Wisdom, never.

THE man who takes a view, however cursory, of the advantages which science has conferred upon the world, must feel thankful that he is privileged to live at a time, when so many are soaring above the grosser perceptions of the ignorant, and searching for truths with the pure eye of philosophy. To those who have lived from the helpless hours of infancy in the embraces of intellectual society, and who have been accustomed to drink from the deep fountains of knowledge, these advantages are neither so palpable or impressive as they would be, if we were occasionally occupied in lifting the curtain of the past, and familiarizing ourselves with those dark ages when the delegated guardians of the people trafficked in the souls of men with mercantile avidity, and applauding ignorance as a virtue, bid them clasp the odious bantling to their breast, as a mother would her darling child. It is difficult to imagine more horrid crimes against humanity and truth, than were committed in the middle centuries of the christian era, by those who kept the keys of the temple of knowledge, and had authority to abridge the miseries of hell. Superstition, the vilest enemy that can insinuate itself into civilized society, was found in the mansions of the great, as well as in the cottage of the peasant: hovering around the hallowed altar of mercy, and approaching the awful tribunal of justice, its pestilential breath blasted intellect in the bud, and like the grave whose withering influence it imitates, reduced the great and the good, the vile and the ignoble, to the same humiliating level. Unfurnished with intellectual improvement, and unprotected from the allurements of vice, men trampled upon the soul-searching eloquence of truth, when presented to them by those generous reformers, who burst the awful gloom, as the last spark of christian liberty was about to be extinguished, and the arch fiend of despotism planted upon its ruins.

Happily for mankind, the age is fast passing away which has voluntarily submitted to the duplicity of monkish intriguers, and whose privileges have been clouded by the sullen mantle of superstition. This unpardonable spirit of bigotry is verging with progressive certainty to the tomb of

nonentity, and in spite of all the barriers which priestcraft has erected to impede the progress of knowledge—in spite of all the fetters which have been forged to cramp the understanding, thousands are surmounting the narrow prejudices of education, breaking the bonds of coercion, and enlightening the world with the precepts of wisdom, the beauties of imagery and the excellencies of truth. Not dependent upon pretended piety for every item of information, men are beginning to be governed by their own understandings, and by the sole energy of reason to defend themselves from those, who under the base pretext of infallibility, would rob them of their freedom of opinion. Aware of the operations of their own minds, and versed in natural philosophy, they are become better judges of what is, and what is not attainable, and by attributing causes to their proper origin are freed from the shackles of imposition.

Oh, we live in a privileged age! Ignorance rears not its throne upon the decaying virtues of community. Superstition rolls not its deadly current through our country, or breeds the fell demons of discord and confusion in our councils. Instead of irrational means being resorted to for the accomplishment of our purposes, we are satisfied to adhere to the clear discoveries of truth, and throw away the lilliputian ties with which we have been held in willing vassalage. Seminaries for education—the principal strength of a community, and the grand protectors of virtue, are rapidly increasing amongst us, and instilling such principles into the rising generation, as shall make their lives useful and their character honorable. Chemistry discloses its wonders to the admiring mind, and not only represses the murmurs of arrogance but convinces the perverted judgment, that wisdom is stamped in indelible colors upon the minutest object in creation. Medicine unlocks her coffers to the victims of disease, and as she brings to light her grateful stores, humanity lifts up the drooping head, and smiles are seen upon the faintly blushing cheek of returning health. Under the protection of magnetism, commerce flutters her light wings in security, and breaks the bonds which the fathomless ocean has formed to separate man from social intercourse. Optics enable us to renew the declining vigor of our sight in the debile hours of age, and capacitates the lovely fair to view her beauties in the polished mirror. By Astronomy we are taught a lesson which is humbling to our pride, and mortifying to the vanity of our nature, as she points us to worlds unmarked by our observation, undescribable by our powers of description, and unimagined by our fancy. Music animates our inactive hours, soothes the turbulent passions by its charms, scatters our path with celestial roses, and plants the couch of weariness with the evergreen of Hope. Poesy, the master of nature's deep-toned organ, and the connecting link between earth and heaven, pours forth her abundant treasures, and we rejoice in the thought that our eyes cannot wander beyond our own little circle of acquaintances, without resting upon those who have entered into covenant with the Nine, and whose sweet effusions are to their readers, what the eagles were to Jupiter, or the doves to Venus—symbols of their divinity, the sure indications of talent and greatness.

But after all the advantages which science has conferred upon the world, it is a melancholy fact that even in the present day, there are those to be

found who contend that their study is replete with danger, and leading the mind away from christian simplicity, they bewilder it in the labyrinths of scepticism and infidelity. Such men must have degenerated from the dignity of their race, and be fast verging towards the uncultivated insensibility of irrational creatures.

So far from possessing the genuine sense of man, he must be a monster in creation, a "hermit in masquerade," a kind of civilized satyr, who would bury those sublime sensations which arise from a scientific communion with nature, and refuse her the caresses of an innocent affection, the spotless sallies of virtue and gratitude. May such congealed hearts, such gloomy misanthropists, be soon softened into humanity, and restored to the province of a social being, not refuse to partake of the happiness designed for them.

Whatever may be the opinion of such ignorant, or rather narrow-minded teachers, they who have studied the sciences, know that it is an employment productive of the greatest ideas, and if men were rightly to acquaint themselves with the truths which the patrons of learning have elicited from a strict investigation of nature's laws, their actions would uniformly be the result of right reason, and that vanity which so many look upon as real dignity, would vanish away and leave room for a pure magnanimity of mind. Our eyes would no longer be offended with the proud wretches, who confound greatness and imbecility: heroes would blush to wear the plumes of borrowed glory, or to place their superiority in the contemptible possessions of equipage and dress. Military renown may render a man famous, but something more than laurels dyed in blood, and bedewed with the tears of widowhood and orphanage—something more than the intrepid mind, and the conquering arm, are required to make his character truly honorable.

Real knowledge and true virtue, are so plainly and naturally connected by a mutual affinity, that where they appear to be separated, it must proceed from some foreign cause, different from the nature of either. Some violent convulsion must have taken place in that mind, where remarkable talents improved by science, have been prostituted to vice and irreligion. The natural tendency of science is to develop truth, to tear away the mask from error, to draw our attention from the grossness of sensible objects, and to fix it upon something more elevated, and better suited to the state of the human mind. The subjects it presents are of such a refined nature, and the investigation so occupies the mind in deductions of reason, that there is neither taste nor time for the dissipations, or the corrupting pursuits of the ignorant and vicious. The lessons it imparts are of the most useful character, and in exploring through its medium, the varied phenomena of nature, we are led to honor the perfections of God, whether clearly discovered, or profoundly wrapped in adorable concealment.

The experience of all ages evinces the undoubted connexion between science and virtue, and evidence is not wanting to prove, that from remote antiquity to the present day, men the most famed for genius and the most devoted to learning, have been the most virtuous of their contemporaries. Who excelled in virtue, and a regard for the Deity, when the real knowledge of religion was overwhelmed by the dark clouds of heathenism? Was it not those whose names have been handed down to posterity

as poets, philosophers, and statesmen? Who were the restorers of learning to the world, after the dreary night of the middle ages? Were they not those pious reformers, who chased away the gloom of a thousand years, and destroyed the monstrous mass of popish superstition? And were not Addison, Boyle, and Bacon, with a host of others led by their discoveries in science, to the most profound admiration of Deity, and allowed to be worthy examples of everything that is good and noble?

Scientific studies befit a rational, an immortal mind; they are the glory of a spirit emanated from the Deity; and so long as we embrace them as the handmaids of religion, they point us to that blissful haven where the good man hopes to arrive when the storms of his passage are hushed forever.

How dear are our privileges! and shall we not prize them, and return with fresh vigor to study and contemplation? Yes! let us ponder the lessons of Wisdom, and draw streams of delight from her inexhaustible fountains; let us wait for the inspiration of the muse, and triumphing over lassitude, seek that light which illumines the patient spirit, and dazzles with its brightness the eye of astonished ignorance. If we are placed in situations which render the highest attainments impracticable, it is no reason why the advantages within our reach should pass away unimproved. Instead of weeping over our fellow creatures, let us inspire them with a just knowledge of their dignity, and endeavor to raise them to the rank they are designed to hold in creation. He deserves well of his country, who teaches his fellow creatures to love truth wherever it may be found, and who makes men of them in spite of the educational prejudices, and long received opinions, so destructive to the general welfare of society.

A correct acquaintance with nature will refine our sentiments, soften our hearts, and enable us to enjoy the sweet communion of spirit—that delightful interchange of sentiment, which cheers the languid and wearied soul. Enamored by her beauties, the proud promise of the future will spring up before us, and as we spend the morning of our days together, the noon and eve will also see us united by the strong ties of a love and fellowship, which shall never be broken.

Claverack, N. Y. 1847.

G. H. A.

For the Rural Repository.

LOVE.

"I was not Brutus, matched with thee to be
A partner only of thy board and bed,

That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.
No:—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t' abide
Thy fellow in all fortunes good and ill.

With chains of mutual love together tied
As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls,
one will."

SHAKESPEARE.

A curious subject say you. Yes—but an important one; for on it depends the happiness of three-fourths of the human race.

It is not a forbidden or a neglected subject, for many have undertaken to define its boundaries, lay down laws for its observance and give advice to those who it is very probable will follow no one's opinion but their own. Neither is it proper they should, for Love is instinctive and depends not on the judgment or reasoning faculties, but seems to act contrary to their dictates. To impeach the wisdom of this, would be to impeach the wisdom of Creation and impugn the decrees of Jehovah.

In the general affairs of life, like seeks like;—a person who possesses intellect seeks the society of

the educated, while the pious seek the society of the religious part of community. It is not so in Love, for often the rich seek the poor, learned the unlearned; in fact the tastes are so diverse, that many suppose them to be rather the freaks of fancy than the teachings of nature. If man were always to seek a being similarly endowed with himself, for a partner, we should have several distinct races; but it has been so ordered by nature that those unions which are actuated by the selfish teachings of prudence or self-interest, shall not prosper, and when any person acts contrary to the promptings of Love—contrary to the guidance of instinct (which is infallible as revealing the intentions of nature), the results are anything but desirable. The union of two persons with similar intellectual endowments is seldom happy, of the truth of this we can easily be assured by looking over the lives of literary persons: neither do we hear of any great men as the result of such unions, but entirely the contrary.

Look at the Aristocracy and Nobility of the European nations where this doctrine of exclusiveness is carried out, by encouraging marriages of interest! That famed class which at one time was noted for all the virtues which adorned humanity—the theme of the minstrel and troubadour—whose knightly graces and accomplishments were circulated throughout Christendom, where are they now? Almost obscured in the gloom of oblivion. By the workings of this principle, their families have become nearly extinct; their castles and domains which by this means they fondly hoped to retain in their possession forever, have become the property of the stranger; and the few descendants of that once flourishing order have become debased, sensual, and despised by the very descendants of that class, who were at one time, the serfs of their ancestors.

It is evident that the exercise of judgment in the affairs of instinct is absurd, for an instinctive impulse cannot err, but will if followed bring about the intentions of Nature. When we look at the subject superficially there still seems objections to our following the promptings of instinct in all cases. Many matrimonial engagements and love matches which resulted from the pure teachings of instinct have appeared to be unhappy. But is there proof that the parties would have been happier if they had sinned against the instincts of their nature, and conquered the feelings of their hearts? As an instance to the contrary we may cite Napoleon and Josephine.

Those who marry for any other object than the pure feeling of love, no matter whether it be the sensualist, who seeks for animal pleasures, the spendthrift who seeks for wealth, the moralist who marries for expediency or the man of the world who seeks for an establishment; all—all feel the blighted curse of Nature's neglected voice, and shrink under the infliction of that punishment which inevitably follows a neglect of her laws.

A conclusion of the genuineness of human love, may be deduced from the light in which it is regarded by those who profess, to be influenced by its soul-moving power. Does an individual evince by his actions that selfishness has a share in those feelings, which are to exist forever, and which he terms the effects of love, he is guilty of error. Love is free from all selfishness, for it is the pure outgushing of a sympathetic spirit mingling its holy

aspirations with a kindred soul. It is not earthly, neither is it mortal—it comes from Heaven—it exists to Eternity.

That young man who professes love, and only calculates on dollars and cents, or on a favorable settlement for life, mocks himself with Idol worship—worships his own dear self through the image of another and desecrates with selfish views the holiest feelings of Human Nature. There are few of those who when about to consecrate the first act of Life's great drama, engage their minds in the consideration of marriage settlements—thinking of the smiles of this one—the sneers of that—that are capable of comprehending or enjoying those expansive feelings of the soul which accompany the existence of never ending, eternal Love.

"which ever burneth
Which came from Heaven, to Heaven returneth."

But it is not those only, who indulge in the loudest asseveration of constancy who are the most steadfast to their vows, as he who truly feels within him the holy feelings of sempiternal Love, will think and feel the Eternity of its duration, to be but a necessary condition of its existence, which it would be waste of breath to assert. The lover who bound his vision within earthly limits, feels not the sublimer feeling of Love. Love cannot be bounded, it stretches beyond the grave—it reaches into the realms of never ending light; two spirits united in its holy bands never separate, but after the dissolution of their earthly tenement, dwell, for ever in an Eternity of bliss.

"True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven,
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly,
It loveth not in hot desire,
With dead desire it doth not die.
It is the secret sympathy
The silver link, the silver tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind."

Hudson, Oct. 1847.

BRONTES.

MISCELLANY.

HISTRIONIC PREACHER.

MR. WHITFIELD displayed in his boyhood great theatrical talent; and when afterwards called to the ministry of the gospel, he indulged in an histrionic manner of preaching, which would have been offensive, if it had not been rendered admirable by his natural gracefulness and inimitable power. Remarkable instances are related of the manner in which he impressed his hearers. A ship-builder was once asked what he thought of him? "Think!" he replied, "I tell you sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitfield I could not lay a single plank." Hume pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard, and said it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him. One of his flights of oratory is related on Mr. Hume's authority. "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitfield thus addressed his audience: 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to Heaven; and shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all the multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and cried out, 'Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one

sinner converted to God!' " Hume said this address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural, action, that it surpassed anything that he ever saw or heard in any other preacher.

The elocution of Whitfield was perfect; he never faltered, unless when the feeling to which he had wrought himself, overcame him, and then his speech was interrupted by a flow of tears; sometimes the emotion of his mind exhausted him, and the beholders felt a momentary apprehension for his life.

Whitfield would frequently describe the agony of our Saviour with such force, that the scene seemed actually before his auditors. "Look yonder," he would say, stretching out his hand, and pointing while he spake, "what is that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark, hark! do you not hear? O, my Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done?" This he introduced frequently in his sermons; and one who lived with him says, the effect was not destroyed by repetition; even to those who knew what was coming, it came as forcibly as if they had never heard it before.

Sometimes at the close of a sermon he would personate a judge about to perform the last awful duties of his office. With his eyes full of tears, and an emotion that made his speech falter, after a pause, which kept the whole audience in breathless expectation of what was to come, he would say, "I am now going to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it: I must pronounce sentence upon you!" and then, in a tremendous strain of eloquence, describing the eternal punishment of the wicked, he recited the words of Christ, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." When he spoke of St. Peter, how after the cock crew, he went out and wept bitterly, he had a fold of his gown ready, in which he hid his face.

AGAINST REPINING OF DEATH.

IF on the great theatre of this earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then, undoubtedly, thou hadst reason to repine at so severe and partial a law; but since it is a necessity, from which never any age by past hath been exempted, and unto which they which be, and so many as are to come, are thrall'd (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nought-availing stubbornness, oppose so inevitable and necessary a condition? This is the high way of mortality, and our general home: behold what millions have trod it before thee! what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same instant run! In so universal a calamity (if death be one), private complaints cannot be heard: with so many royal palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheels, which twineth forth, and again uprolleth our life), and hold still time to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee. Thy death is a pace of the order of this *all*, a part of the life of this world; for while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this sphere of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like and ever-flowing and

ebbing sea, with divers waves, but the same water, keepeth a restless and never-tiring current; what is below, in the universality of the kind, not in itself doth abide: man a long line of years hath continued, this man every hundred is swept away.

* * This earth is as a table-book, and men are the notes; the first are washed out, that new may be written in. They who fore-went us did leave a room for us; and should we grieve to do the same to those who should come after us? Who, being suffered to see the exquisite rareties of an antiquary's cabinet, is grieved that the curtain be drawn, and to give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the amazing wonders of his various frame, should we take it to heart, when he thinketh time, to dislodge? This is his unalterable and inevitable decree; as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume to any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which he wills; whose very will giveth being to all that it wills; and reverencing the orderer, not repine at the order and laws, which all-where and always are so perfectly established, that who would essay to correct and amend any of them, he should either make them worse, or desire things beyond the level of possibility.—*Drummond.*

PRUDENCE.

It is of relative merit, according to its degree and the necessity for its exercise. It should no more be prominently noticeable in the conduct of a prosperous man, than prudery in the demeanor of a virtuous woman. When the rainy day comes, for which over-cautious niggards have been long providing, Fortune often delights to take them by the head and shoulders, and thrust them into the middle of the shower.

When thus limited to self-interest, prudence is inferior to the instinct of animals, which is sometimes generous and disinterested. Calculation, the first attribute of Reason, should never render us incapable of the first of the virtues—a sacrifice of self. The head must not be allowed to predominate over the heart. An expensive humanism, which is only a more enlarged calculation, would confirm the Scripture injunction, and teach us to love our neighbor as ourself.

Over-caution and over-preparation not seldom defeat their own object. Washington Irving tells us of a Dutchman, who, having to leap a ditch, went back three miles, that he might have a good run at it, and found himself so completely winded, when he arrived at it again, that he was obliged to sit down on the wrong side to recover his breath.—*Reculer pour mieux sauter* is only advisable when the preparation bears a due proportion to the thing to be performed.

All, however, must admire the prudence and caution of the banker's clerk in England, in giving evidence on a trial for forgery. "When I hold the check this way, it do look slick like the handwriting of Malchi Hudson;—when I do hold it that way, it's not at all like Malchi's signature so that upon the whole I should say it's about middling."

GEN. LAFAYETTE.

DURING the Revolutionary war, General Lafayette being in Baltimore, was invited to a ball. He went as requested, but instead of joining in the

amusements as might be expected of a young Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed the ladies thus: "Ladies, you are very handsome; you dance very prettily; your ball is very fine: but my soldiers have no shirts." The appeal was irresistible; the ball ceased, the ladies ran home and went to work, and by the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands of Baltimore, for the gallant defenders of their country.

ANECDOTE OF THE GIRAFFE.

THE New Orleans Sun relates a humorous story of a very well-dressed and genteel-looking person, who was curious to see the giraffe, and who stepped up to the "man wot receives the money," with, "is the giraffe to be seen here?" "Yes, sir." "I want to see him." "Very well, sir." "It is fifty cents, isn't it?" "One dollar, sir; fifty cents for servants." "Well, I'm a servant." "You a servant!" "Yes, sir." "The—!" "Whose?" "Yours, sir—your humble servant." "Walk in, and take a seat. The joke is worth the price of admission."

"YOU'RE MY PRISONER."—Decidedly the best joke we have heard of for some time past, was played off upon a constable in the western part of the State. He started out to arrest a person who had often escaped pursuit, but who, he was informed, was at that time engaged in a neighboring cornfield. The constable wishing to take him by surprise, took a roundabout direction scaling the sheds and fences until opposite, when "squatting," he crawled stealthily along, and at last pounced upon his victim, clenching him firmly around the waist, exclaiming "Your my prisoner." Imagine his mortification, when, upon a more careful inspection, his prisoner proved to be a *scarecrow*.

SILENCE is one great art of conversation. He is not a fool who knows when to hold his tongue; and a person may gain credit for sense, eloquence, wit, who merely says nothing to lessen the opinion which others have of these qualities in themselves.—*Hazlitt.*

So happily is our nature framed, that use at length reconciles the mind to what was in prospect insupportable, and at first galling and distressful.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1847.

NEAL'S SATURDAY GAZETTE.

CHARLES J. PETERSON having purchased an interest in this paper, the business will hereafter be conducted by the subscribers, under the firm of Cummings & Peterson. The editorial department will be controlled by C. J. Peterson and Mrs. J. C. Neal.

Neal's Gazette is a large and well conducted sheet, and an excellent family paper; Mr. Peterson is a gentleman well calculated to fill the place of its former editor; as a writer he is equal to any of our American writers; he is the author of the excellent tale, called "the Oath of Marion," published in Graham's Magazine, for 1847, for which he received the sum of two hundred dollars. Mrs. Neal is a lady well known to the reading public, as a contributor to many of our most popular Magazines, and favorably known to the readers of the Gazette, as Alice G. Lee and Clara Cushman.

HURD'S GRAMMATICAL CORRECTOR.

HURD'S GRAMMATICAL CORRECTOR, or a collection of nearly two thousand cant phrases, quaint expressions, false pronunciations, corruptions, perversions, misapplication of terms, and other kindred errors, of the English language. This is a very useful little work, it contains two thousand or more of those errors which are so common in society. We have been highly amused and edified in examining its pages, it is a very valuable work for schools, and a very useful companion to have in a family, for reference.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

R. C. Rondout, N. Y. \$3.00; E. C. Stockport, N. Y. \$13.00; G. S. M. Brownville, N. Y. \$3.75; J. W. S. Castleton, N. Y. \$5.00; W. J. Homer, N. Y. \$1.00; D. M. H. Cleveland, O. \$1.00; C. E. Leeds, N. Y. \$1.00; M. S. Leeds, N. Y. \$1.00; D. J. A. West Pittsfield, Mass. \$3.00; S. M. G. Middlefield, N. Y. \$1.00; A. D. L. Maine Village, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. M. South Corinth, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss L. L. Harpersfield Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. Bristol, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss M. R. South Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss C. M. H. Pitcher, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. K. Tomhannock, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Robert Carpenter, Printer, of New-York, to Miss Mercy M. French of this city.

In recording the above, we beg leave to tender the happy couple our best wishes for their continued happiness. We hope our friend Carpenter will exhibit a *clean proof*, and that it may bear his *imprint*. And moreover, we hope he will never be without *Small Caps* with which to embellish the *title pages* of the *Works* he may present to the world.—May his *forms* be without a *pick or slur*, and in perfect register.

On the 12th inst. by Rev. H. Darling, Mr. Everett Van Allen, to Miss Martha S. Benedict, both of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bainbridge, John H. Schermerhorn, of this city, to Miss Rosetta Dinegar.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bainbridge, Mr. George W. Sharts, of Hillsdale, to Miss Pamilla Boyce, of Sheffield, Mass.

At Ithaca, on the 5th Oct. by the Rev. A. Jackson, Mr. David R. Curran, Merchant, of Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin, to Miss Eveline Stoddard, of the former place.

In Lower Red Hook, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. C. F. Schaeffer, Jacob W. Elseffer of Red Hook, to Delia Eliza, daughter of H. N. Bonesteel, Esq.

In Lower Red Hook, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. C. F. Schaeffer, John Christian, of Wilmington, N. C. to Catharine Augusta, second daughter of H. N. Bonesteel, Esq.

At Germantown, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. J. Boyd Mr. John Trumppour, Jr. of Catskill, to Miss Harriet Salpauigh, of Germantown.

In Kinderhook, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. B. Van Zandt, Samuel P. Cole, of Jefferson Co. to Mary L. Beale, of the former place.

In Kinderhook, on the 5th inst. by Rev. Dr. Strobel, Mr. Thaddeus Smith, of Troy, to Miss Agnes P. youngest daughter of John Tator, Esq. of Kinderhook.

In Kinderhook, by Rev. Dr. Strobel, John C. Groat, Esq. to Mary Eleanor, second daughter of Phillip Shufelt, Esq. of Ghent.

In Kinderhook, on the 17th inst. by Rev. Dr. Strobel, John Van Hoesen, Esq. of Valatie, to Miss Catharine, daughter of Capt. Richard Hoes, of Schoharie.

At Hillsdale village, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sillick, Mr. W. A. Jordan, to Miss Laura M. daughter of Nathan Osborne, Esq. all of Hillsdale.

At Coxsackie, Greene Co. on the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. Searle, Dr. J. B. Henshaw of Coxsackie, to Miss Caroline Collier of the same place.

At Ancram, on the 12th inst. by Rev. Wm. B. Ackam, Mr. Gideon Traver, of Ghent, to Miss Lydia Catharine House, of the former place.

At Hillsdale, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, of Mellenville, Mr. David S. Ford, to Miss Loxed Bushnell, both of the former place.

At Mellenville, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Mr. Peter Brady, to Miss Eleanor Rivenburg, both of Mellenville.

In Stockport, by the Rev. Mr. Horton, Mr. Moses E. Thomas, to Miss Alice Hallowell, all of Stockport.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 14th inst. Sarah A. Wright, relict of Thomas Wright, deceased, aged 66 years.

At New Lebanon, on the 13th inst. Mrs. Polly Younglove, widow of the late Dr. M. Younglove of this city, in the 85th year of her age.

In Kinderhook, on the 5th inst. Miss Sarah Kirk, in the 22d year of her age, second daughter of Wm. Kirk, Esq.

At Canaan, on the 13th inst. A. Frisbee, in the 50th year of his age.

In New-York, on the 19th inst. Almon Loomis, formerly of this city.

In Livingston, on the 13th inst. Joseph W. Russell, in the 27th year of his age.

At Middletown, Gertrude infant daughter of James Currie, of New-York, aged 11 months and 25 days.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE RETURN OF THE CRUSADER.

BY HARRIETTE A. B.

He gazed upon the festal throng,
And his eye grew wildly bright—
"A beggar am I in my father's halls—
A stranger here to-night,
None knoweth this tattered form of mine—
The last of Azra's princely line.

"The flaming sword of the Saracen,
In the wars of the Holy Land,
Hath rest me of my brother's twain,
And lonely now I stand
Without, where soft the music falls,
And gaze upon my father's halls.

"And there are knights and maidens fair,
And the pride of the land hath met;
But wo, for the maid of the sunny hair,
The fairest of them yet;
She sitteth by the dark'ning sea
Who lingered in those halls with me.
"Wo! for the pomp of feudal power,
Wo! for the wine's red gleam!
The broad lands of our haughty line
Hath passed away as a dream;
Our home is where the breakers roar—
Mithra, upon the dark'ning shore."

Chatham, Col. Co. July, 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

EARLY FRIENDS.

THEY are gathered to their fathers, they have passed from
earth away,

They have laid them down to rest, in the regions of decay;
Their pilgrimage is ended, they are slumbering soft and deep,
With the grassy turf above them, death's seal upon their sleep.

In many lands they're lying, we are scattered far apart,
Though with many seas between us, we have been but one in
heart,

And in dreams our souls revisit, that far and fertile strand,
And live again a life of joy, in our own native land.

Then again the ties of kindred draw us nearer unto home,
Then the loved and dear are with us, to one centering spot
they come,

There in hours of blest communion, fast the moments speed
away,

Though we know the joys around us soon must feel the blight,
decay.

We know it is a night dream, that the day will fail to bring,
Yet 'tis sweet to commune with the dead, in the soul's imag-
ining;

When remembrance of affection calls up friends, a lovely train,
Hearts whose union death hath vainly parted, to unite again.

Ye are far away ye dear ones, we are but a stricken band,
Deserted are the pleasant haunts, of our fair morning land;
Lonely are the spirit dwellings, in the blighted scenes of yore,
Links in friendship's chain grow stronger, though we meet on
earth no more.

Where roll the glassy waters of the dark Pacific's waves,
And the stormy winds lie sleeping in their shadowy ocean
caves,

He resteth there the erring one, from his far native shore,
The requiem of his burial, the breakers' sullen roar.

And those waters vast, for ages shall roll above his head,
Till the earth with age grows dim and faint, the sea gives up
its dead,

And the vigils of the mermaid his guardian watch shall be,
His bier be wrought of pearls and gold, his tomb the deep blue
sea.

There's another wayward rover, to a far-off tropic clime,
In an air that teems with fragrance of the flowers of every
time;
From the lime and orange blossoms enchanting odors rise,
That seem to make this flowery land, another Paradise.

He had strayed from home and kindred for riches and a name,
Yet the hand of death was on him, ere the day woke on his
dream;

In the youth of his aspirings; and the green palmettos wave,
Where a stranger hand hath laid him in a lonely foreign grave.

And another comes before me, with a fair and sunny brow,
And curling locks of flaxen hair, methinks I see him now;
He withered like a fair young flower, that its petals opened too
soon,—

Alas, he was their only hope, their only stay was gone.

We laid him in a pleasant spot, where the mourning willow
stands,

Where the vigils of his slumbers are kept by angel bands,
In the sleep that knows no waking, till the summons from the
skies

Reanimates the clayey throng, and bids the sleepers rise.

They're departed, all departed, we shall see them never more,
They are lying in the charnel-house on many a foreign shore;
No stone to mark their sepulchre, no one beloved is nigh,
O, and it is from friends and home, in a stranger land to die.

Bethlem, Ct. 1847.

From the Literary Gazette, 1818.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

And who shall speak the joy refined,
That stealth o'er the glowing mind,
When Beauty's aspect fair and bright,
Salutes, and glads the ravished sight.
Contrasted with the skin so fair,
To mark the glossy ebon hair,
O'er the polished forehead bending,
Down the snowy neck descending
In flowing locks that graceful twine
Like tendrils from the laden vine;
The soft, the spirit-beaming eye;
The arched brow, the forehead high;
The glowing cheek and there to trace,
The lines that give her smiles the grace;
And should a blush that cheek diffuse,
To view the wavering deepening hues,
That speak the triumphs of the rose
O'er the vanquished lily's snows;
The melting lips, with ruby dy'd,
Where thousand am'rous Cupids hide
Their vengeful darts, should any dare
To snatch the balmy nectar there;
The dimpled chin, where, writhing gay,
Sportive smiles unnumbered play:
While in every speaking glance,
The witcheries of the soul entrance,
Through each playful feature gleaming,
Fraught with love, with pleasure beaming.
The graceful neck but ill concealed,
The heaving bosom scarce revealed,
Unseen to scan: the slender waist,
By the encircling zone embraced;
And the waving line of grace,
In every flexile limb to trace,
While Modesty her chastened spell,
With power each loose desire to quell,
Spreads o'er each charm—its potent sway
A softness yields to beauty's ray.
And, like the immortal ægis, wards
Unholy thoughts from her she guards,
Enhancing every charm divine
Which now with chaster lustre shine,
And o'er the enraptured spirit stealing,
Through the quickened pulses thrilling,
Wake the beating heart to joy;
While flashing from the radiant eye,
Beams love's ethereal subtil flame,
Diffused o'er the softened frame,
And should her pulse responsive beat,
Her swelling breast with rapture heave,
Her heart in unison dilate,
This joy's the purest earth can give.
To view the fiery globe of day,
Majestic springing from the sea;

To contemplate the azure sky,
Formed by light vapors sailing high;
Or, tinged with evening's hues of gold,
The varied landscape to behold;
Or scattering wide her influence boon,
To mark the mildly shining moon,
While as her silver beams decline,
The twinkling stars more vivid shine;
These though a thrilling joy they yield,
And o'er the ardent spirit wield
A mighty power; e'en these must low
Before bright Beauty's influence bow.

J. C.

New Volume, September, 1847.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 24, Commencing Sept. 25, 1847.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

Price \$1—Clubs from 50 to 75 Cents.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite
Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original
Communications, Biographies, Traveling Sketches, Amusing
Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c.
The first Number of the *Twenty-Fourth Volume* of the RURAL
REPOSITORY will be issued on Saturday the 25th of Septem-
ber, 1847.

The "Repository" circulates among the most intelligent
families of our country and is hailed as a welcome visitor, by
all that have favored us with their patronage. It has stood
the test of more than a score of years; amid the many chan-
ges that have taken place and the ups and downs of life, whilst
hundreds of a similar character have perished, our humble
Rural has continued on, from year to year, until it is the Oldest
Literary Paper in the United States.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every
other Saturday in the Quarto form, containing twenty six
numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to
the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will also be
embellished with numerous Engravings, and consequently it
will be one of the neatest, cheapest, and best literary papers
in the country.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR per annum, *invariably in advance*. We
have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th,
20th, 21st, and 23d volumes, and any one sending for the 24th
volume, can have as many copies of either of these volumes
as they wish at the same rate as that volume.

Clubs! Clubs! Clubs! Clubs!!

All those who will send us the following amounts in one
remittance, shall receive as stated below, viz:

Four	Copies for \$3.00	Twenty Four Copies for \$15.00
Seven	do. \$5.00	Thirty do. \$18.00
Ten	do. \$7.00	Thirty Five do. \$20.00
Fifteen	do. \$10.00	Forty do. \$22.00
Twenty	do. \$13.00	Fifty do. \$25.00

Great Inducements to Agents.

Those who send \$5 or \$7, for a Club, can have one of the
above mentioned Volumes (gratis); those who send \$10, or
\$15, two; those who send \$20, three; and those who send
\$25 or over, four.

Now is the time to Subscribe.

Any Person who will send the amount affixed to either of
the following works, we will send it and the Repository for
one year, thus giving the Repository for nothing. The Books
can be sent to them by Mail, for about 40 Cents, or an order
on the publisher in New-York. SEARS' PICT. DESCRIP.
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, 550 pages, illus-
trated with Several Hundred Engravings, retail price \$2.50;
INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, 600 pages, Splen-
didly Illustrated, \$2.50; NEW PICTORIAL FAMILY
LIBRARY, 600 pages, Embellished with Beautiful Engra-
vings, \$2.50; PICTORIAL HIST. OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION, 450 pages, containing Several Hundred
Engravings, \$2.00; PICTORIAL SUNDAY BOOK, 600
pages, illustrated by Numerous Landscape Scenes, \$2.50;
NEW AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE BIBLE,
700 pages, Beautifully Illustrated, \$3.00; BIBLE BIOGRA-
PHY, 500 pages, containing Several Hundred Engravings,
\$2.50; WONDERS OF THE WORLD, 600 pages, with
Numerous Engravings, \$2.50.

Any town that will send us the most subscribers, for the
24th volume, shall be entitled to the 25th volume for half
price, each subscriber in such town to receive the Repository
during that year for half the sum paid for the 24th volume.

No subscription received for less than one year. All
the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the
year until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1847.